But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my selfe,
In haſt, poſt haſt, are come to ioyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*,
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power:
But as for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind Aunt, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of ſouldiers gainſt this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike when valient *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſute,
But nere till now, thy ſcandall of retire.
War. Nor now, my ſcandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare?
For thou ſhalt knowe that this right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awfull ſcepter from his fiſt:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildneſſe, peace, and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories, made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we goe throw away our coates of ſteele?
And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion, with reuengfull armes?
If for the laſt, ſaie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therfore *Warwicke* came to find you out,
And therfore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford* and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting King like waxe.